THE WATCH TOWER

R.S. Vol. VI. Book 3

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THE WATCH TOWER

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Foreword

BY ALICE RUSH.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Wordsworth.

HOW STRANGE and pitiful that any one should move through the wonders of the field, insensible to its glory! Eyes blind to its beauty; ears deaf to its music; soul asleep to its mystery. Generous nature has a response to every human call. Face the great calm hills, or the reaching rivers, or the quiet expanse of the prairie, and the burden of toil and struggle are annihilated. One bird note has joy enough to sweeten a whole day. Watch the little stream as it journeys constantly onward along its tortuous path, ignorant of the force that drives it on, as well as of the fate that awaits it — just going and obeying. How far is the current of our lives like the stream? Are we driven, or shall we lead? Rest in the shelter of the giant tree, and feel the assurance of its noble strength, as it builds up its massive structure. The little flower that bravely lifts the brightness of its face to the sun — consider lovingly its friendly greeting. If we could trace to their origin, all the forces that combine in its tiny cells, we could solve the problem of life and mystery.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies.
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are root and all and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Tennyson.

LITERARY

All's Well That Ends Well.

INDEGARDE ANDERSON, '15.

"I JUST know we won't get to have our picnic, Betty. We were talking to Miss Seymour this afternoon, and there was not the least hint of a picnic. It is too late now."

"But Katie, every class so far has had their picnic; why shouldn't we? Miss Seymour will let us have it when the right time comes. Meanwhile, be a good girl and don't worry."

"Why, how can we have a picnic now? I tell you, Betty, Miss Seymour dislikes our class, and I dislike her."

"Now, Katie, you know that is not true. You told me just the other day, don't you remember, when you were telling me that Miss Seymour had complimented you on your work in Latin, that you thought she was the dearest woman on earth. Of course she will let us have our picnic."

Her last words were of no avail, however, for Katie seemed to become suddenly intent on some problem in Algebra.

Betty Elsworth and Katie Pollard were room-mates in a girls' college. It had been a custom in this institution for the Freshman Class each year to have a picnic in the woods, in order to acquaint themselves with their surroundings and with each other. It was quickly approaching the customary time for the event. As yet, however, nothing had been said about it.

The next day a very bright and cheerful sun peeped in through the windows and greeted the girls good morning. Betty arose, and, skipping toward the window, exclaimed,

"O Katie, do get up! Look how beautiful the sun shines! Isn't this going to be a lovely day!"

"Well, what is the use of having a lovely day when we can't go out of doors? Why couldn't we have our picnic to-day? It would be just the day for it."

"Katie, you are everlastingly thinking about that party. You won't enjoy it when we do have it."

While the girls were waiting for the breakfast bell, Betty observed that her

room-mate was acting rather mysteriously. Suddenly Katie arose and left the room, but returned a few minutes later, exclaiming,

"Betty, my head aches terribly. I don't think I can go to my classes to-day."

"I am very sorry, but there goes the bell and I must leave you," and, after making her room-mate as comfortable as possible, Betty went downstairs. After Betty's departure Katie remained for some time in her comfortable position, listening to the footsteps of the girls going to breakfast. When the last steps had died away and all was quiet, she jumped up and smiled as if she had never known a headache. She opened the door, looking cautiously about. Assured that no one was in sight, she tiptoed lightly across the hall to one of the rooms, where a merry group was assembled, obviously in a serious discussion. A secret picnic was being planned. A very serious thing indeed!

All preparations having been completed, the merry girls glided softly through the halls and left the building by an unfrequented back way. They guided their steps toward Rippling Waters, where, they had been told, these picnics were usually held. Arriving at this place, breathless, they threw themselves upon the ground for a well needed rest after their fatiguing journey. How refreshing it did seem to lie down upon the soft, cool grass, close to the soothing music of the rippling brooks! Katie was the first to break the silence.

"Isn't this a fine day and aren't we going to have a lovely time? But the best part of it all is that over at school they are thinking that we are all bowed down with headaches, while here we are, as comfortable as —"

"Oh! what is that!"

"It's a snake. Careful, Katie!"

"Oh! where is it? Am I stepping on it?"

"There it is, right behind you. See? There it goes into that grass."

"Oh! here is another! Let's run. Where shall we go?"

So the tired and frightened girls carried their cumbersome packages to another spot, where, after looking cautiously about to insure themselves of their safety, they settled down. But every leaf or twig stirred by the calm breeze was a snake in the imaginations of the party.

No more snakes appeared, however, and finally the girls felt safe to explore the place, which was richly endowed by Nature.

The party was in the midst of an earnest inspection of a curiously shaped plant, when two small boys rushed hurriedly by, carrying peculiar objects under their arms. Could it be true? Yes, the boys had stolen their pies and cakes! The girls sat down and tried to enjoy the remnants of their lunch, which, however, instead of satisfying their hunger, only tended to increase their appetites. One of the girls suggested their immediate return to the school. The suggestion was unanimously accepted.

Not much was said on the way home, until Katie exclaimed,

"What is the use of pretending to think we have had a good time! We must all confess that it is the worst picnic we ever had. I never want to hear a snake mentioned again! It would be a disgrace if the others should find out about it. Let's not mention it to anyone."

It was a very weary, gloomy spirited girl who awaited the arrival of her room-mate that evening to cheer her up. She dreaded the meeting, lest Betty

should have heard. But what was detaining Betty? She was later than usual. Another hour passed, but still no Betty. She opened the door and paced the hall for a few minutes. But how different it was from the other evenings. Quietness was substituted for the customary clamor. She returned to her room again. It was getting dark and cold.

At length the door was pushed open, and Betty entered in a very happy mood.

"We had a most lovely time, Katie. I'm so sorry you had the headache and couldn't go. What is it? Haven't you heard? You must have been very ill not to know what was going on. When we came down to breakfast this morning, Miss Seymour had a surprise for us. We were to have our party to-day. And to think that you couldn't go along, and you had looked forward to that event so eagerly! As I was saying, we had a lovely time. Miss Seymour has discovered a new place for our party. She said the old place was frequented by snakes. It was the best picnic I ever had, but you are pale! I will not say anything more to-night. I hope you will be better in the morning."

"Satan" in Search for a Wife

By a Senior.

"SATAN," as he was most often called, otherwise Stanley Chapman, decided that since he was twenty-five, and endowed with good looks and plenty of good American dollars, it was about time for him to fall in love and get married.

"Satan" had never really been in love before, so he didn't know just how to go about it. Of course there had been several little flirtations, but to Stanley Chapman, flirting came almost at easy as breathing. If the broken hearts that he had left behind at the seashore in the spring, the mountains in the summer, the woods in the fall, and the tropical resorts in the winter, could be gathered together again, they would make a "perfect suit" for a "hand of bridge."

But this matter of marrying required time, consideration, and a good deal of thinking. So, lighting a fresh cigarette, "Satan" thrust his hands deep into his pockets and strode up and down his huge library, whistling snatches from the latest musical comedy. Suddenly, he laughed. A ridiculous idea had popped into his head.

"Morton!" he called to his man, "come here and tell me something."

"Yes, sir! Yes, Mr. Chapman," acquiesced the valet. A long earnest conversation followed and Morton, swearing eternal secrecy, was ordered to pack a suit case. In an hour, "Satan" Chapman was ready to leave his apartments in the handsome "King Charles" on 53 St.

It was about 5 o'clock and dusk was stealing over New York. It came so softly that it took the late pedestrians unawares. Lights began to twinkle in the windows and flash up in dark, obscure corners. Broadway was living up to its name, "The Great White Way." The very lights seemed to reflect the pleasure

and happiness in the faces of those who thronged its streets. New York was pleasure bent to-night.

"Satan" hailed a taxi, jumped in and gave his usual number. But oh, how unusual it would be when he got there! He leaned back on the seat and closed his eyes for a moment as if to stop the beating of his excited heart. The taxi whirled around the corner on two wheels. Chapman sat bolt upright, realizing how soon he would be there. If they would only take him! They must. This seemed to be the only chance he had to find his girl and he must have it.

The taxi stopped. He got out, paid the man and walked slowly up the broad steps into a white building, where in one of the rose and gold rooms a "Tango Tea" was held every afternoon from four until seven. Now it was 5:30 and the ultra-fashionable crowd were hurrying in, fairly taking him along in their rush to be on the dance floor.

"Satan" turned down the hall to the main office.

He closed the door of the "private" room and stood before a gruff old man. He told him in a few words what he wanted. The old man nodded, gave him some directions and a key. He was accepted on trial! Now was his chance. He must find "Her."

He was then directed by a short youth up a winding staircase, to a little room above.

He crossed to the window and looked down on the rich, pampered crowd that were thronging in for a little dance before dinner. He wondered if he could see this thing through. He must! That was all there was to it. In a few hours "Satan" Chapman, a foolish, light-hearted, gay youth, was changed to a man with a purpose in life. He wanted to find a girl that he could love and marry, and one who would make him a home. He was tired of rushing along at a reckless pace with his gay friends. Deliberately turning away from the window, a vivid portrait of his own life, he made up his mind to start afresh on a life that was worth while. It would be hard, but when "Satan" Chapman set his mind to anything he seldom wavered.

Twenty minutes later, with new decision in his step, he walked down stairs to the rose and gold room. Drawing back the rose velvet curtain, as he was told, like a statue, he took his place at the door. Satan Chapman had hired himself as a butler to the directors of the tea room, in hopes of finding a girl among the incessant stream of fair visitors.

There he stood for all the world like any ordinary butler. His gorgeous uniform was white satin embroidered in rose and gold. Below his short trousers were white silk stockings and white satin pumps with huge gold buckles. And on his head, — a white wig! Yes, a white wig, and it was tied in the back with a gold cord. Was there ever a better disguise? Satan's best friends passed in without a glance, for he was merely part of the scenery. Indeed he hardly knew himself when he occasionally glanced into the mirror opposite.

But after an hour or so, it wasn't quite so funny. His neck was dreadfully stiff already and his burning eyes seemed to fairly burst out of his head, for he had been told to glue them to one spot. The girls seemed so different, too. None of them were quite so pretty as they used to be and they were all such silly, giggling things and their escorts seemed to like it.

"Satan" grew sick at the thought of defeat. His head swam and he held on to the curtain for dear life. All grew dark before his eyes and he thought he was going to faint. The heat, the bright lights, the heavy perfume of the flowers, and the excitement of his escapade were overpowering.

"Why, the poor man looks sick! Can I call some one, sir?" asked a sweet voice at his elbow. He opened his eyes through sheer force of will and then he kept them open. Beside him stood the sweetest, dearest girl that he had ever seen. She was all in black, and under her smart little hat peeped obstreperous yellow ringlets. Her eyes were a deep grey, heavily fringed with long black lashes. Her nose was inclined up a little, which gave a saucy, piquant expression to her funny little face. Her red lips were smiling encouragement as she questioned him.

"Oh! I'm all right now," he said and laughed shakily. "I'm new on the job, you know, and my disappointment about something made me sick for a minute." She smiled and passed on.

His dream girl! Here she was at last and he had seen her and talked with her. Oh! if he could just follow her and learn who she was. Well, he would watch when she came out and perhaps she might smile again. So now his eyes scanned the face of every girl that left. Finally a clock somewhere struck seven. The music stopped. Everybody rushed to the dressing rooms and then hurried out. But no dream girl. He watched very closely and was sure that he missed none.

At last every one was gone, so he went to look for her, for he was sure she had not come out. He passed several maids, but hardly glanced at them. Some one told him to come to supper, but he ate scarcely anything. There were several maids and butlers at the table, but he did not notice them, he was so absorbed in his own thoughts.

He went to his room, took off his gilded finery, and opened the window to cool his fevered brow. He tried to compose himself and think, but the thoughts would not come, except in a jumble. How useless it did seem to try to find her. How ridiculous it all was! It was more like a story than a real occurrence. But he knew she had not left that ball room and that she was not downstairs. He decided that he would go home and give her up. He was human after all.

Drawing on a handsome fur coat and picking up his hat, Satan strode out of the room and down the stairs. At the foot was the figure of a maid. He was about to pass by when he heard some one call, "Satan." He whirled around and looked straight into the eyes of his laughing dream girl.

"Mignon!" he cried. "You! Why, I haven't seen you in years. Where have you been? What are you doing here?"

"I've been in Europe with my aunt," she replied, "where we met a silly count whom she is bent on my marrying and I won't! So I ran away and came here as a maid. I recognized you right away, "Satan". By the way, what are you doing here?"

"Well," he said, "I was sick of life and I'm looking for my girl. I'm going to get married, you know."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Who to?"

"I haven't asked her yet," "Satan" answered, "for I've just found her and I haven't had time."

"Why not take time, then?" she asked daringly.

"Shall I, now?" he asked.

"Yes!" she whispered. And then . . .

The Novelty Fad

DULCE SEELY, '17.

"I'VE got it, Ral!"

"What, Jane? I hope it's nothing worse than the measles."

"Nothing like that. Merely an idea. But a brilliant one. Here it is. You and everyone else agree that this boarding school certainly is monotonous at this time of the year. Now can't we plan something to amuse ourselves until the weather decides to be pleasant and the inmates of this school lose their dismal aspect?"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Now, my plan is to concoct a scheme to afford a little novelty here. Here is the whole plan. You and I (if you agree to my plan) will try to start one new fad every day. At least we will call them fads. It makes no difference whether anyone else follows them or not, just so we introduce something that has never before been seen in Rodney Hall. Do you see the point?"

"I do. Likewise I see that we must invest in a supply of new clothes."

"O Ral, you are really stupid. It means nothing of the kind. It means the way you arrange your hair or fix your tie. It means not the clothes you wear but how you wear them."

"O pardon! I understand now and I really think it would be fun."

"Truly, I am pleased. We shall begin tomorrow which is Monday. And now, away to your side of the room. I must study and, incidentally, plan tomorrow's fad. Remember, the one that keeps on with a new fad for the longest time deserves a treat."

* * * * *

The next morning Jane appeared in the dining room with two large red tassels dangling from beneath her skirt.

"Why, Jane Mayor!" exclaimed the girls. "What on earth have you attached to your skirt?"

"Nothing that I know of," replied Jane coolly. "If you are referring to my tassels, I will inform you that they are attached to my shoes, and if you wish to be in style, you had better order some. Mother sent me these with the patent snappers last week. She says everyone in New York wears tassels on their shoes. Red ones are the most popular."

"Is that so? I wonder if I could get some in town?"

"I hardly think so. This is not a town of fashion. Has anyone seen Ral this morning?"

"Yes, I saw her a minute ago. And guess what that child has around her neck! Why, a long green ribbon with a mirror and a toothbrush hanging on the end of it. She appears to think that she is a human vanity case."

But this was only the beginning. More surprises were to come to the girls in Rodney Hall.

The next day Ral insisted that it was perfectly correct to wear one brown and one black shoe. Later she contended that handkerchiefs with large, embroidered pink and yellow dots were "extremely quaint and oriental."

Jane appeared, one day, in a red, white and blue striped waist that greatly resembled a white silk one she had owned not long ago. Moreover on closer inspection, the stripes looked as though they had come out of a paint box.

Another day she wore a belt that had curious bumps on it. The protuberances looked and tasted like thorn-apples. This was especially remarkable, considering the fact that those very fruits were in season.

"Ral," exclaimed Jane, a few evenings later. "I am beginning to think that my idea was a trifle too brilliant. What do you think? Let's quit and instead of having a onesided treat, have a nice Dutch treat down at Bailey's."

"The idea! Is your poor head getting empty? Why, every minute I think of something new."

"Well, Ralphileta Lane, since you are so clever, give me some new ideas."

"Indeed I won't. I'm figuring on a nice little treat that you are going to pay for. But don't give up yet."

"Certainly, Ral, I can't think of anything more. I spoiled my silk waist and I am beginning to neglect lessons. The other day I was sitting in Botany, thinking about fads, when Miss Harmen asked me what a perfect flower was, and I answered, 'I've painted my silk waist, I've cut bangs and I've worn a green quill in my hair. What next?' and I couldn't imagine what the girls were laughing at."

"Too bad, well, go to bed and see if you don't think of something after a good night's rest."

"All right, I will, but I vow I'll keep this game up as long as you do, if I have to wear a masquerade costume to class."

But the Novelty Fad was doomed to come to a sudden end.

Next morning Jane went to breakfast with her hair arranged in a very queer fashion. It was parted in the middle. One side was drawn back smoothly and braided with a blue bow at the end. The other side was pinned up in an extremely high knot. This was the climax.

Immediately after breakfast, Madame Rodney sent for Jane. What happened in her office was never told, but for obvious reasons the Novelty Fad passed out of existence.

ROY JENSEN who graduated from Rock Island High School in 1907 is a teller at the Scandinavian-American bank in Seattle, Washington. While still in school he proved himself an "athletic wizard." Many a basket ball game did he fight and help win for R. I. Roy is still deeply interested in athletic activities and is basket ball champion of Seattle. He plays center in the Y. M. C. A. team of that city.

Willis Howard, a member of the class of '08, is a ranchman near Rapids City, South Dakota. He is making a specialty of raising sheep.

Mr. Carl Anderson is a new member of our faculty. Mr. Anderson was graduated from Rock Island High School with the class of '04, and is also a gradnate of Grinnell College. He is now a teacher of Freshman Algebra and Arithmetic.

Another member of the Alumni to become one of the faculty members is Miss Beryl Titterington, class of '07. Miss Titterington was graduated from Oberlin College in 1911. At the beginning of the first semester, she substituted several weeks for Miss Buhlig who had been detained in Europe by the war conditions and also took Miss Sturgeon's place for the week preceding the Christmas vacation. Miss Titterington now teaches Freshman English.

Frank Huntoon is a graduate from R. I. H. S. in the class of '10. For the last three years he has been attending the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, from which he will be graduated this June. There are now open two vacancies to the Naval Academy from the 14th congressional district of Illinois. Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner can make the appointments.

Clara P. Blakemore, former assistant editor-in-chief of the WATCH TOWER, is teaching in East Moline. Clara is a member of the class of 1913.

Zelina Comegys, '14, is teaching at the Curry School, District 44.

Bernard Ingram, '13, has succeeded in "making" the dramatic club of the Northwestern University.

Jessie Thacher who was gradnated from R. I. H. S. in the class '14 is teaching in Coal Valley.

George H. McDonald, '14, writes from the University of Chicago: "I almost daily read of some new victory gained by Rock Island High School, and consequently am more proud than ever to be a graduate of that institution. I think Wallace Leland (class of '12) expressed the sentiments of all R. I. H. S. alumni who are away from home, when he said, 'We ought to write a letter of congratulation to R. I. H. S. on her victories for it seems mighty good to see the name of Rock Island High School printed in the Chicago newspapers.'"

JANUARY 21, Rev. Robert J. Patterson of Dublin, Ireland, addressed the high school in a figurative talk upon the "diamonds, spades, clubs, and hearts" of a human life. His address, enlivened with Irish wit, was appreciated by everybody. We may be sure that if Rev. Patterson visited the High School very frequently, the WATCH TOWER joke columns would be considerably increased.

John W. Ruskin's Speech.

On January 26, the High School enjoyed an unusual favor. John W. Ruskin, an Arctic explorer and intimate friend of Commodore Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, delivered an address upon "The Northernmost Man." The lecture was very interesting as well as instructive and the students of the High School feel that they owe Mr. Ruskin their hearty thanks for the enjoyment and instruction which they received.

Dr. Charles E. Barker.

Jan. 28, the Thursday after Mr. Ruskin's lecture, the High School was favored with another very unusual and enjoyable talk. Dr. Charles E. Barker, former physical advisor to ex-President Taft, was the speaker. He spoke on the necessity of a strong body, a clear mind, and a brave heart for success in life. This talk was but one of many which Dr. Barker delivered while in the city on a health crusade, and the many who heard him agree that he is a man with a message.

Sophomore Class Party.

The second annual party of the Class of '17 was held at the High School January 29. The cold weather kept the mischievous members of the other classes from honoring the "Sophs" with their presence. This aided considerably in making the party the big success that it was. Grace Barnett won the prize in the autograph contest. Truth and the voting contest came next. In playing Truth many told some dear secrets and others forgot what they were playing. In the voting contest Beth Emery was voted the prettiest girl, and Mildred Hudson the most popular. Arthur Dodson was conceded the handsomest boy and John Sullivan the laziest. All were given appropriate prizes. Then came the wonderful "Mock Track Meet."

Then, all adjourned to the Commons which was prettily decorated in the class colors, purple and gold. Here Mr. Burton and several members of the class gave short talks. It is needless to say what a good time everyone had.

A Call to Arms.

Boys! A stranger recently arrived in our midst from Galesburg. And, on the night of the Girls' Declamatory Contest, had the pleasure of escorting *five* girls home. He, at the head, glorying in his honor, led them home. Other boys sadly escorted themselves home. Boys! Will this ever do? No! "To arms," we cry, "to arms."

Our Debating Team.

This will be a red letter year in the history of R. I. H. S. debating. For the first time a girl has been selected as one of the High School's representative debaters in the annual Big Eight Contest. Miss Aline Martin is the one to enjoy that distinction. The members of the teams are as follows:

Affirmative: Aline Martin, Robert Cline, Robert Olmsted.

Negative: Bert Metcalf, Edgar James, Louis Saulpaugh.

The question under discussion is: "Resolved, that the Parcel Post should be extended to include the entire express business of the United States." The negative team will go to Moline this year and the affirmative will debate Davenport on the home floor. Everybody come and boost!

The Importance of Little Things.

Rock Island High School now numbers over seven hundred students, the largest number in its history. And yet, who has made this possible? Merely a band of "insignificant Freshmen." They don't look very big, it is true, and often look somewhat uncivilized, but think of what they have accomplished. Establishing a record is a pretty good start.

A Literary Effort.

There is one person in the High School who has accomplished something which probably none of the rest of us have. His name is Benjamin Butler and his accomplishment is no less than that of having written a book. "Three Years in High School Athletics," as the book is called, is an interesting account of the athletic career of Ben's Brother "Sol." A great many orders for the book have already been received and we are confident that it will be a great success.

State Superintendent, F. G. Blair.

One of the most forceful addresses given in this High School was delivered at 3:30, Feb. 19, by F. G. Blair, State Superintendent of Illinois. His theme was, "America, the Melting Pot of the World." He had a comprehensive grasp upon his subject and showed his audience in a powerful manner that America is the cauldron in which all racial and class distinctions are broken down and the new substance formed is a typical and patriotic American, the hope of the World. Mr. Blair was heard by an audience of about one hundred and twenty-five, mostly public school teachers. He was introduced by City Superintendent E. C. Fisher after a pretty song by some school children which opened the meeting. Mr. Fisher also announced the "go to school week," March 29 to April 1, during which time parents are espeeially invited to attend the school.

E. A. Ott.

Feb. 11, the High School enjoyed one of the most profitable numbers of the lyceum course, when E. A. Ott lectnred on "Sour Grapes." His address, while serious, was enlivened by bits of humor and was considered excellent by all those who heard it.

Junior Party.

On February 12, 1915, the Junior Class made good their promise to hold a second class party. The affair was held at the Manual Arts building, and was the first class party to take place there. In a contest John Robb, Mary Thompson, and Lucile Hazard received the prizes.

The decorations carried out the Valentine idea, hearts being used to advantage. Frappe was served during the evening and later a buffet luncheon was enjoyed.

Although the affair was scheduled to take place in the Manual Arts Reception room, we hear rumors to the effect that the kitchen was the scene of some impromptu festivities. It was necessary, you see, to entertain some guests who were forbidden to the "real" party.

Senior Class Play.

Here is good news. The Senior Class Play has been chosen and the cast is hard at work. The title of the play, "The Time of His Life," promises an evening of laughs. We are sure that the humorous situations will be made the most of by the fine cast which has been chosen.

CAST.

Mr. Bob Gray	Horace Mason
Mrs. Bob Gray	Hazel Willis
Tom Carter	Robert Cline
Mr. Peter Wycombe	Leslie Johnson
Mrs. Peter Wycombe	Genevive Carlson
Dorothy Langdon	Millie Pierce
Mr. Langdon	Joseph McGinnis
Uncle Tom	Leo Doering
Officer Hogan	Louis Dripps

Those who attend are certain to experience the time of their lives. Don't miss it.

Hart Spread.

On Thursday, Feb. 18, the members of the Hart Literary Society enjoyed a most delightful spread. The program, held in the Assembly, was both interesting and enjoyable. Dorothy Schoessel gave a violin solo and Fay Booth a piano solo. Genevieve Carlson pleased with a reading. The next number was in charge of Dorothy Bassett and Margaret Searle. It was a County Fair, affording amusement and a prize for every one. Such events as the Auction, The Bored Books, Shoot the Luck and the Literary Digest will not soon be forgotten. But the real spread took place in the Commons. Delicious refreshments were served here and proved more popular than anything else on the program. Toasts were given by Miss Healy, Celeste Comegy and Mildred Adams. The affair was a success in every way. If all who attended the spread attended the regular meetings, likewise, the Hart would be able to hold more such pleasurable functions.

An Accident.

On Monday, Feb. 22, Dean Ingalls, while in a track suit and training for the coming track season, was run down by an auto and sustained many painful injuries and although as we go to press we hear that he is not very well, we hope that nothing very serious will result to him from this accident.

Candy?

On Thursday, February seventeenth, the Hart Literary Society had a spread. This press note is not intended to enumerate the dainties which were served and neither is it to be descriptive of the beautiful decorations or of the gowns or hats of the participants, but it is merely to warn others. Three Senior boys who were at one time elected honorary members of the club were given a generous handout by some friends. At least they were considered as friends at the time.

About six o'clock the trouble began and doctors and ambulances and nurses and hospitals were all used in a vain attempt to allay the pain.

Oh, that deceitful candy!!!

More Honors for R. I. H. S.

Marie Williams won first place in the Big Eight Girls' Declamation Contest, held at Canton, February 19. This is the first time a Rock Island girl has succeeded in carrying off the gold medal, although we have had the second and third places before. But Marie climbed up to first and certainly succeeded in making R. I. H. S. proud of her.

Did you meet your Waterloo on February 1st? Ice is defined as water congealed in a solid state, but the ice that met our gaze as we came down our front steps on the particular morning was not worthy of the name. Its state was anything but solid, and after attempting to walk we found ourselves in a similar condition. Too many of us, indeed, found that close proximity to the sidewalk was anything but pleasant. Of course cold water is refreshing and delightful early in the morning, but 8 o'clock is not quite early enough. Moreover the manner of reaching the water was a little too strenuous. Yes, it was sink or swim for all of us that morning, but when we finally arrived at school excuses were easy enough to procure, so we didn't care, did we?

Political Economy.

The argument (surely argument, Mr. Sinnett is our instructor) was on the intelligence of a Greek. Mr. Sinnett: "You must remember that ages ago the Greeks were the most intellectual nation in the world and indeed many consider them so to-day. Some great professor has said that the average intelligence of a Greek is equal to the average intelligence of the English Parliament."

Pupil (trying to slip one on Mr. Sinnett): "Shine your boots, sir?"

Mr. Sinnett: "Well, now I know that many Greeks do live as shoeblacks, but, young man, take that very Greek that shines your shoes" — here Mr. Sinnett pauses and looks the pupil over — and then says in an undertone: "If that ever happened."

MORAL: "Don't try to argue with Mr. Sinnett."

It might work with part of the faculty, but he passes it up like a tramp does a square meal.

Freshman Party.

February 26 marked an important event in the history of the class of eighteen.

Directly after the seventh period, Friday, an observant bystander would have noticed groups of small children excitedly hurrying homeward.

At 7:30 another observant onlooker, the moon, watched them return. Shortly after 8 the festivities began. For almost thirty minutes accordion plaits and best Sunday suits rushed here and there in an exciting autograph contest. The first prize, a kewpie was won by Clara Arnell and the consolation, an ivory mirror, by Miss Sturgeon.

Then a program was given by the members of the class and music by a seven-piece orchestra, who played several popular selections and encores, the Freshman class being the first to have music of this sort at the annual party.

After matching postal cards for partners Clara Arnell and Raymond Thoms led in a grand march, which ended in the commons, where long tables were artistically decorated with blue and gold. Light refreshments were served by the committees.

At ten thirty the entire class turned homeward with the satisfaction of having made their first class party a success.

Time Flies.

They say that Father Time is women's worst enemy. Perhaps this may account for the fact that the sixth period ended ten minutes early on February 4th. "Music hath charms," you know, and it appears that a group of Junior girls decided to test them at noon on this particular day. Of course we don't mean to say outright that the singing stopped the clock. Oh, no! But as something had just that effect, we may be pardoned for our suspicions. Anyhow we enjoyed sixth period for thirty minutes only, but alas! seventh made up for lost time.

A Near Catastrophe.

Did you know that Saulpaugh is doing track work? Well, if you didn't, you're lucky, for it isn't very safe to be around when he starts out. He exceeds the speed limit constantly and hasn't even a Klaxon for the safety of pedestrians.

A while ago, as he was coming back to Rock Island from the Iowa shore, he became hurried and thought that he wouldn't waste his time on the car, so he just started off on one of his seven league boot jaunts. He was ambling over the bridge at a pretty tall pace when he suddenly noticed an innocent little man in his path. Well, when about two feet away from the unsuspecting gentleman, he suddenly let out a whistle that would have done justice to a locomotive. The poor fellow, with vague visions of "a high ball" freight train bearing down upon him, leered first to one side and then to the other, threatened to jump off the bridge and finally sank down in a heap just in time to escape the "hurrying hoofs" of Louis Saulpaugh, track runner. However, he recovered in time to see the cause of his fright still striding animatedly along a few blocks in the distance.

(Somewhat exaggerated.)

Our Young Volcano.

Did you ever notice him? That tall, gaunt, cadaverous fellow with a Woodrow Wilson jaw and a light-blue Irish eye? Always seen vanishing in the distance with quick jerks of the legs, covering a distance of about a rod each time? Well, that fellow is Vivian Thomas. We'll not guarantee his direct descent from the famous general of the civil war, but we will guarantee his direct descent upon the head of anyone who differs too loudly with him in his opinions. Topics expressly forbidden are local option and the recent Junior party. With these rules observed, he can be somewhat amiable, but we'd advise everyone to beware of a little ill-concealed Irish in him and be wise.

THE WATCH TOWER

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ROCK ISLAND HIGH SCHOOL, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

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A New Gymnasium and Auditorium.

There are three situations in our school at present worthy of our attention and careful consideration: first, our gymnasium cannot be used when games are played which draw any considerable crowd, because of its inadequate capacity; second, there are not nearly enough desks in the Assembly room to accommodate the students there during the study periods; third, our Assembly room is large enough to hold only the students at present in the school, and if the enrollment contiues to increase, will soon be too small. If we were to have many visitors at our general assemblies, we would be embarrassed for room. When any building is found to be too small for the demands made upon it, it is generally enlarged or an entirely new building built. Such was the case when the Manual Arts building was built. Only those who were attending high school before the Manual Arts building was completed for use, know what a change it produced in our school; how it made school seem roomy, cheerful, and worth attending. What we would now do without this building is a question none of us would want to consider. Just think, then, what a new gymnasium and a new auditorium combined in one building, with the present assembly room filled with desks for a study room, would mean to us. It would mean a gymnasium large enough for all our needs with big possibilities for future tournaments being held here; an auditorium in which could be held class plays, lectures, entertainments, picture shows, etc., large enough to accommodate not only the student body and faculty but also a great number of visitors; and a study room in which there would be enough desks to accommodate all those in there any one period. At first it sounds wonderful and almost ficticious, doesn't it? But think a moment, and see if it doesn't quickly shape itself into a beautiful possibility? Only earnestness and purpose are needed to develop the possibility into a reality. Think it over. Where there's a will, a way can always be found.

Please.

Some of the students seem to think that the WATCH TOWER office is a lunch room, while others evidently consider it a play room. The editors don't object, in the least, if the students visit our office to pay their subscriptions, hand in contributions (rather would we welcome such errands with open arms), or even to study or hold committee meetings (when the office is not in use). If there were no other place for consuming lunches or running races, we would say, "Come along and welcome." But with the "Commons" for eating purposes and the gymnasium and

street for racing, we do not think it at all necessary to use this office. We ask the students who visit the WATCH TOWER office to please be careful in the future about leaving unpleasant traces of their activities.

An Appeal to the Students.

The preparations now being made by the WATCH TOWER staff for the publication of the annual for the school year ending June 4, are well under way. However, it must be understood that it is impossible for the staff to publish an annual similar to the one issued in 1912 — for this is our aim — without the co-operation and support of the different classes and the faculty.

What can we do? In all probability this is the question that is in the mind of every person who wishes to help the WATCH TOWER.

It would be a wise plan and one helpful to the WATCH TOWER, if every joke you hear in a class room, in the corridors, or on the street, you would write down on a piece of paper and drop into the WATCH TOWER box.

This is the thing that is done in every school in our country. Why should we be so different from other schools? Let everyone resolve to help his or her school paper in this one respect by letting others hear through the WATCH TOWER of the jokes you know.

Another thing we might ask your support in is the soliciting of your friends' subscriptions to the annual. If you do not feel disposed to do a thing of this kind, we most earnestly ask you at least to "boost" and not "knock" your school paper.

The last thing that we shall ask of you is, that those of you who have not as yet paid your subscription, recall this fact to mind and see that it is paid before the annual is issued, or you may come up missing on your copy.

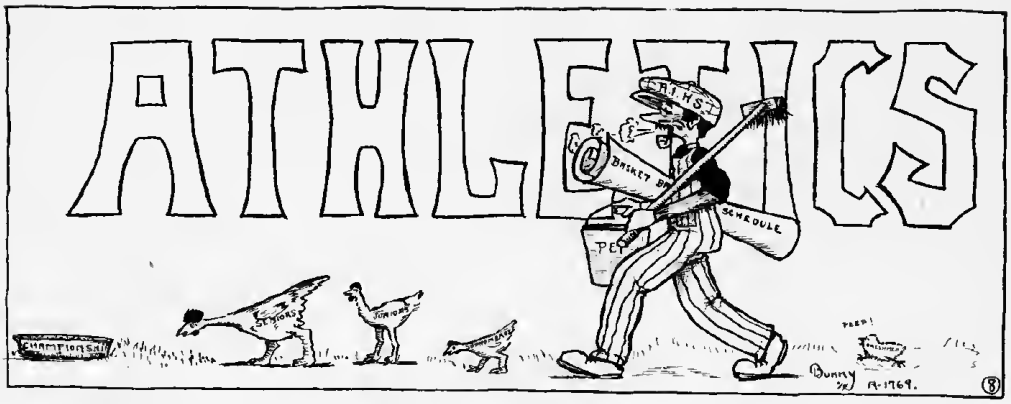
This year, as has been the custom in the past, all classes and organizations will be requested to submit the prints of their pictures and the money for covering the expense of same to the business manager. All prints must be in before the 15th of May, or it will be impossible to have the necessary work completed on them in time to issue the annual before the end of the school year.

It is unnecessary to enumerate at this time all the different pictures and the sizes of the same, which the paper desires in this publication. If you are uncertain as to what is expected of you as an organization see the business manager.

We would like in addition to this, if it is possible, to have every class obtain enough snapshots of different students, events and odd happenings that have occurred among members of your class to make one page, if not more, in the Annual. However, it must be remembered that if this proposed plan meets the approval of the classes, it is their duty to cover the expense involved in securing a half tone of the same.

In behalf of the staff, the school, and the student body, I make this appeal to you as individuals to do your very best in making this annual a success by fulfilling to the best of your ability the requests just made.

EDGAR JAMES, Business Manager.



Boys' Tournament.

WITH the early opening of the basketball season, many stars who had not won their letters developed into good first team material, and for this reason Coach Roe thought that they were practically R. I. men, and should be barred from the tournament. This played havoc with the Senior and Sophomore teams, the Seniors particularly, as they lost Culley and Butler, the Sophs being deprived of Morris and Whisler. The even-year teams had it much their own way, the Juniors having four of their last year's team, and the Freshmen, the surprise of the tourney, put forth a fast but light team that vanquished both the Sophs and Seniors.

The first evening resulted in a victory for the Juniors over the Seniors, the Seniors lacking *"pep"* as a result of the shakeup caused by barring of their stars, while the Freshies defeated the Sophs. On the second evening the Juniors and Freshmen were again on the top when time was called, making a tie for first and second places.

Of course the games of the last evening were the fastest. The Freshmen seemed exhausted by their efforts in the preceding games, and succumbed to the Juniors, the feature of this game being the frequent mix-up of the McMullen and Tabor families, there being the younger brothers on the Freshman team, while the older ones played with the Juniors. In the closest game of the Tourney, the Seniors defeated the Sophomores by two points, placing the Sophs in the cellar position.

Standing of the teams:

	WON.	LOST.	PCT.
Juniors	3	0	1,000
Freshmen	2	1	.667
Seniors	1	2	.333
Sophomores	0	3	.000

At no time was the winner of the Tournament a certainty, all teams fighting to the last breath. The Seniors' lineup of Captain Aekley, Johnson, Bruner and Cavanaugh, forwards, H. Clarke, center, and McGinnis, U. Clarke and Miller, guards, all playing with equal ability, made all teams fight for their games.

The Juniors, who won the Tourney, developed a few stars. Albert Tabor at forward made most of their points, while Ray McMullen and McCulloch also played good under the basket. Thomas played center, and James and Anderson were the star guards, Anderson holding his opponents without a single basket throughout the three games.

The Sophs' team: Dempsey was their star, Wilson aud Cox held down the forward positions, Henry and Barker played center, with Titterington and Bassett guarding. They seemed to be "jinxed" as they put up a hard game, each time being nosed out at the end.

The Freshies put a team on the floor that surprised all. They are the first team, in some years, which has represented that class and landed anywhere but at the bottom. Edward Tabor and Roy McMullen, forwards, Durling, center, and Heimbeck, Tucker, and Owens, guards, composed a team that made the upper classmen nervous.

The Girls' Tournament.

The Junior Class wanted to win this Tournament, as it would enable them to keep a clean slate, while the Seniors wished their rightful revenge. Both teams had last year's lineups, but the Juniors had developed a point maker who could "roll 'em up," and a point breaker who "held 'em down," Alberta Glasco and Hazel Kerr, respectively.

The series on the first night showed a victory for the Seniors over the Sophomores, and the Juniors won from the Freshmen. The next evening the Seniors and Juniors were again the winners, the Juniors running up 59 points. In the game against the upper classmen, the Freshies and Sophs failed to score a single field goal.

Then came the deciding games. The Juniors demonstrated their supremacy over the Seniors to the tune of 17 to 6, clinching the pennant, while the Sophs bested the Freshies in a very close game, 12 to 8, making the deciding 4 points in the last minute.

In this Tournament the Juniors have set a record. They made 126 points, while their opponents made less than 20, and the other three teams together failed to make a total of points which would equal this.

The Tournament results:

	WON.	LOST.	PCT.
Juniors	3	0	1,000
Seniors	2	1	.667
Sophomores	1	2	.333
Freshmen	0	3	.000

The Senior team played their best in all the games, and it is hard luck that they have to go out of school without a championship, as they have a fine team, and deserve great credit for it. Elizabeth Bryan and Dorothy Schoessel did not come up to their usual standard in the basket line, but their teamwork was the best seen in the Tournament. Hazel Willis played finely at center, as did Mabel Findlay, while June Nelson, Luey Clarke and Mary Graves made life miserable for the opposing forwards.

Alberta Glasco was the individual star of the Tournament. She made 88 points alone, a new record, and Evelyn Eckhart, her running mate, also did very well, playing her best game against the Seniors when she made enough points to tie them. "Tib" Babcock, playing center, caused herself to be picked as the best center in the school. Hazel Kerr easily won a guard position, as she is looked upon as the best in school. Jeannette Riddell also played a stellar game. Such a combination of players as this "Can't Be Beat."

Melba Carlson was the Sophs' star, getting most of their points, and is the most accurate foul thrower in the school's history. Vala Forsberg and Beth Emery at center, Elizabeth Swisher and Grace Barnett at guards complete the third position team.

The Freshmen show promise of getting a championship before they reach their last year, coming near to downing the Sophs and keeping off the bottom. Frieda Nuessli and Robley Clarke at forwards, Clara Arnell at center and Edna Sodergren and Marguerete Morrison at guards make up the first year team. They were short on field baskets, but their guarding was one of the features of the series, the small guards making the older and more experienced players work to score.

Moline.

The Moline basketball team of this year, built around Weiderquist, their star center, was supposed to have things their own way. They were on their own floor and had better chances than the Islanders. But Rock Island beat them 19 to 11. Weiderquist had a good reputation as a basket shooter, usually making eight or ten field baskets every game, but Butler played him to a standstill, not allowing the Moliner to get more than five feet beyond his reach throughout the entire game, with the result that he got but three baskets. Morris played his usual game, getting into all of the fine teamwork which the locals displayed, and "fed" Reeves continually. Reeves made most of our points, a usual stunt of his. Gleason and Rinck played great games, as the results show, the Moline captain and his running mate getting a single basket between them.

Geneseo and Cambridge.

These two games were about the same, both being taken as a joke by the Islanders, as the boys shifted to any position and scored at will. They played Geneseo in the latter town, winning 46 to 28, and journeyed to Cambridge the next night, taking that game 43 to 11.

Davenport.

Feb. 5, R. I. H. S. met Davenport in the first basketball game with them this season. Davenport expected an easy victory. But the boys from across the creek had a bad scare thrown into them. They put forward a team that was minus two of the regular men in the first half against Morris and Culley forwards, Butler center, and Anderson and Rinck guards. Davenport led at the end of the half, but the small margin kept them in too much suspense and they wisely added Kelly and Tomson to their lineup. This made up their regular first team. But instead of increasing their lead they were almost headed several times. In the last ten minutes Al Tabor was put in for the Islanders and he proved to be a good addition, making half of the points R. I. obtained in this half. Anderson also played well. Rinck, Butler, and Morris of the regulars played well together, and a fast game is looked for when Davenport is met in the return game. Score 24 to 31.

Mt. Carroll.

In a close contest on the Mt. Carroll floor, Rock Island made 28 points to the 27 of their opponents. The Mt. Carroll rooters made playing difficult for the locals.

Reeves practically won the game getting 12 out of 15 fouls, while Mt. Carroll made most of their points on field goals.

Aledo.

The first team was rather "all in" at the beginning of the Aledo game, after the strenuous contest at Mt. Carroll the night before, so a team of substitutes started. Aledo played finely, and luck seemed against the locals, Aledo leading at the end of the first half, 18 to 14. In the second half all of the regulars but Morris were put in. Still Aledo continued to score, and Rock Island looked beaten. With four minutes of play left, a halt was called and Morris was sent in. He seemed to bring the necessary spirit with him, as the team made a stand and in those four minutes 12 points were made, Rock Island winning 33 to 27.

The Moline Game.

The second game of this season with Moline High School at the local "Y" was largely a repetition of the first one at Moline some weeks previous. The absence of Butler, who was attending the track meet at Chicago, made a big hole in the Rock Island team, as it was not known that there was a man in the school who could guard Weiderquist so that he would not win the game for Moline single handed, as they depended upon him to do.

The game was started with the following lineup for Rock Island, Reeves and Morris, forwards; Cully, center; Rinck and Gleason, guards. The game was close all the way through, and not until the middle of the last half did Rock Island feel sure that she had the game. The local team went into the game with instructions to guard their man, and the job was done finely, only one man besides Weiderquist getting a basket, Williams at guard getting two points from the middle of the floor. The end of the first half found the score 11 to 8, in Rock Island's favor.

The second half Hinkley was substituted for Culley, and continued the same course, that of playing the man close, and he certainly played a fine game. Both Culley and Hinkley deserve credit for holding the Moliner to such a score, both men putting up a good fight in the attempt to keep the Moline point column low. Reeves and Morris at forwards played well together as usual, Reeves making most of the baskets and getting 8 out of 13 fouls. Rinck and Gleason sure are there some in guarding, as their men did not get a point in the game. The final score was 22 to 17.

The Galesburg Tournament.

In the Northwestern District tournament held at Galesburg February 26 and 27, under the auspices of Knox College, Rock Island continued her winning streak and brought home the shield, and will get the second chance in the school history to represent the Rock Island High School in the State tournament. Ten men, Captain Reeves, Morris, Culley, Butler, Gleason, Rinck, Hinkley, Tabor, Whisler and J. Robb went as the local representatives, and all were used, as the games were exceedingly rough and coach Robb wished to save the first string for the last, as four games were to be played on the final day.

Rock Island easily won the shield, in spite of the great opposition, nearly every rooter except those from here being against the locals. Rinck and Gleason at guards were the best there, Gleason being picked for all tournament guard. Rinck played a steady game all the way through, while Gleason did not let out until the game against Galesburg when he made 4 baskets. Butler played a fine game at center particularly against Galesburg, in which he and Gleason made the bulk of the Rock Island points. Tabor showed up well, and superseded Morris in the Galesburg game, as Mike did not play up to his usual form. Tabor proved steady on fouls, while Reeves, who usually gets most of the points from free throws, was off form. Reeves had hard luck all through, but fought a game fight, setting the example for his team.

KNOXVILLE.

The first game was Friday morning against Knoxville and they were promptly taken under the Rock Island flag, 30 to 10. The game was the roughest of the tourney. Knowville evincing a desire to "get" a few of the local men and put them out of running. There was great suspense in the school, as Rock Island would have been hopelessly out if they had lost. The cards placed up during the fifth period dispelled anxiety. All of the men along at that time were used, as the strain told and Reeves was replaced by Culley, and Morris by Hinkley.

FARMINGTON.

Farmington proved to be a tougher battle than the score of 43 to 25 would suggest. Whisler and Hinkley were started at guard, but when the score was 10 to 5 against us, Rinck and Gleason were sent in. Then the coach breathed easier, as the team had thrown a bad scare. The Farmington team put up a fine fight, but the regular team outclassed them.

ALEDO.

Aledo seems to be a jinx to Rock Island, as this game was the closest in the tournament, 25 to 20. The Aledo team played the locals close, and Peterson, their big center, broke up much of the team work and made things mighty interesting. Had it not been for Rock Island working all the time, Aledo would no doubt have taken the place against Princeville.

PRINCEVILLE.

Princeville was represented by a strong team, but their men were weakened by the long grind, and as they would have had to play two games straight, they played half of the Galesburg game and gave up because one of the men could no longer stand. Rock Island was consequently handed a 2 to 0 victory.

GALESBURG.

Galesburg and Rock Island met in the final game to decide the championship. Galesburg won last year, but her team this year did not compare to the former star team, and Rock Island won 29 to 10. Galesburg played a cautious game, their center and guards staying under the Rock Island basket. Gleason made "Ziggy" Hamblin, the Galesburg star forward look slow, getting four baskets while Hamblin caged 2. Butler and Gleason did the heavy scoring for R. I. as Tabor and Reeves were covered continually. Butler showed his wonderful speed, and worked the ball down the floor, time after time. Rinck played back to watch while Gleason ran the floor. The first half was close, but in the second half Rock Island made 18 points to their 4, and the Galesburg fans gave up all hope of winning, and cheered the Rock Island team for their fine exhibition of teamwork.

Track work this year has been started earlier than usual, for great things are expected of the Rock Island team this season. The meet at Evanston under the auspices of Northwestern University claims the interest, and will come the 26 and 27 of March. The task is to develop men whom we can place in the big meets of the country, which Coach Roe intends to enter with teams of as many men as will make good.

First Regiment Armory Meet.

The first meet that the local school entered this season was given under the auspices of the First Regiment at Chicago. Sol Butler was the only man representing our school, and came near taking the meet. He won first in the forty yard dash and three hundred yard dash in the high school events, and the forty yard hurdles in the open events. He captured individual honor out of a field of 431 athletes, and brought home three handsome shields to add to his large collection of trophies.

Miss Ballard (to a class reading Ivanhoe): "How did Ulrica aid the besiegers?"

Will Gleason: "She gave the signal ——"

A stage whisper interrupts: "For a Forward Pass."

Leslie Johnson (handing Mary Graves her hat which she had left in Assembly): "Oh well! people in love never remember anything."

Mary: "If that's the case I don't see how you ever remember anything."

Mr. Robb (after explaining specific gravity): "Why does a chunk of lead weigh more than you do?"

Student: "It's packed tighter."

He: "How would you like a pet monkey."

She: "Oh! this is so sudden."—*Ex.*

Dulce Seeley: "Oh! There's no use looking in that dictionary, one page is torn out and the next one isn't there."

Now bless thee dearest Freshie,
Let nothing you dismay,
For *some* of us looked like you
When first we came this way.—*Ex.*

Something for the Boys.

We just said that for fun. We know the girls would read it anyway.

The Reason?

Miss Rush: "Laffayette's life is most interesting to study. He was married when he was sixteen."

Mr. Butts: "Why is fishing good off the coast of Newfoundland?"

"Because there are lots of fish there."

"What celebrated name in history might you name if you wished to tell the maid to replenish the fire?"

Answer: "Philip the Great (fill up the grate).—*Ex.*

Alphabet.

A—ffection. Link between Les and Libby.
B—ashfulness. One of Hazel Strecker's virtues.
C—aught. Joel Nichols.
D—eceivers. All girls.
E—gotism. Unknown to the Seniors(?).
F—east. Pickles, lemonade, cheese and ice cream.
G—reen. The prevailing color in Miss Rush's session.
H—eartbreakers. Junior girls.
I—t. (W. A.)
J—oke. E. Swisher.
K—iss. Undefinable.
L—essons. A form of enjoyment. *What?*
M—oney. A minus quantity.
N—ovelties. Those things Clifford Whistler wears.
O—nions. A cause for tears.
P—ony. A short cut to fame.
Q—uizes. Miss Ballard's delight.
R—evenge. Something sweet.
S—tingy. (In giving high marks).—Mr. Sinnett.
T—ardiness. The unknown quantity in R. I. H. S.
U—means you, who haven't paid for your subscriptions.
V—acations. Paradise.
W—aist. That which makes the arm go round.
X. Y. Z.—Continued in our next.

Wilmer Cox (after Vivian Thomas had finished reading a theme on concrete): "Some boats are made of concrete, too."

Vivian: "Yes, and so are some heads."

Mr. Starr: "Is there any such animal as the *hart*? (continuing) "Yes, it's a kind of a *deer*."

Curley Andersou: "Caruso's voice is good, but it's better still."

Mr. Sinnett: "What is the cause of the rising of the price of beef?"
M. Morris: "The hoof and mouth disease."

Prof.: "Did I not tell you to be fully prepared with your history lesson to-day and here you are unable to repeat a word of it."
Student: "I didn't think it necessary. I've always heard that history repeats itself."—*Ex.*

Miss Neese: "I have often thought how nice it would be to have a bridge from one building to the other."
Aline Martin: "Yes, and we would call it "The Bridge of Sighs."

Miss Ballard (after F. Barker had failed to answer a question): "What did you think I asked you that for?"
Francis: "To see if I knew it."

After Boys' Basketball Tournament.

Friend: "Does your class boast of a basketball team?"
Sophomore: "No, we used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now."

Truth!

Mr. Burton: "Most people know more about a subject before they take it than after."

Mr. Casto: "What made these men go to Africa?"
Fredrica Johnson: "Curiosity?"
Mr. Casto: "But these were *men*."

Wehrle Jones: "Was Luther married at the time he posted the 'Five Theses' on the church door?"
Miss Rush: "Really, Wehrle, I don't know. I wasn't at his wedding."

Mr. Robb: "What was one of George Elliot's books?"
Harry D.: "Hamlet."

Miss Titterington: "Herbert, give the correct use of the word auxious in a sentence."
Herbert Fotch: "I am anxious about you."
Miss T.: "Y-e-s."

Mr. Robb (in English): "Merrill, how were the young ladies dressed?"
Merrill Ingalls: "I didn't get that far, Mr. Robb."

Miss Sturgeon (in Senior English Class): "Is everybody here?"
June Nelson (bashfully): "I am."
Hugo Larson (importantly): "I am."
Cleste Comegys (haughtily): "I am."
Fae Hanna (saucily): "I am."
Bert Metcalf (authoritatively): "I am."
Dorothy Schoessel (meekly): "I am."
Jeannette Doyle (hurriedly): "I am."
Leslie Johnson (nervously): "I am."

M. H.: "Did you get your nickle back?"
L. S.: "Yes, it flew and lit right here."
M. H.: "How can money fly?"
L. S.: "Didn't you ever hear that money had wings."

In Ancient History.

Freshie (speaking of clay tablets): "They *writed* their book on dirt biscuits baked in ovens."

How Strange!

Miss Ballard (in speaking of habits): "We always put on either the right or left rubber first."

Hand It In.

If you have an inspiration
That is worth consideration
Hand it in.

If you have a lively joke,
That hard feelings won't provoke,
Hand it in.

If you have a brand new story,
That's not dull and awful bory,
Hand it in.

If you have a little rhyme,
With a thought and pleasant chime,
Hand it in.

—*Ex.*